A

SEQUEL

TO

Hoſier's Ghoſt:

OR,

Old BLAKENEY's Reception into the Elyſian Fields.

A

BALLAD.

Written by a PATRIOT of *Ireland* on the late melancholy News received from the *Mediterranean*, that Fort St. *Philip* is taken by Storm, and the Governor and Garriſon are put to the Sword. *Dublin*, 10th *July*, 1756.

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18

VITRUVIUS

OF

ARCHITECTURE.

SEQUEL
TO
Hosier's Ghost, &c.

I.

O'ER th' Elysian meadows ranging,
Hosier's once repining ghost,
In that seat of bliss unchanging,
Ev'ry mortal care had lost;
Till amidst his blest composure,
Lo! a new descended guest,
Sad and awful stalk'd by *Hosier*,
Who the stranger thus addrest.

II.

" Rev'rend shape o'ercast with sorrow
" By thy mien a *Briton* known,
" Why this aspect dost thou borrow
" Of distresses once my own?
" Long have these calm shades receiv'd me
" From the Bastimento's shore.
" And oblivious time relievd me,
" Vex'd with *Portobel* no more.

III.

" Now that long forgotten sadness
" Thou dost waken in my breast.
" Who art thou, dost banish gladness
" From this happy clime of rest?
" In this spot, sad phantom, tarry;
" See each *British* worthy here;
" Look, where *Churchill*, *Edward*, *Harry*,
Blake and *Torrington* appear.

IV.

" *Inniskilling*'s brave militia,
" Once the scourge of *James* and *France*,
" *Derry*'s Burghers too, who vanquish'd
" Sword and famine, all advance.

Soon their glorious ranks they double,
Anxious near the ſtranger's ſide;
Worn by age, by war and trouble,
He reluctant now reply'd.

V.

" You, who live in *Britain*'s ſtory,
" In her brighter days rever'd,
" O receive a head all hoary,
" Bent with cares, with blood beſmear'd.
" Not, though ſorrow's cup I taſted,
" Do I mourn my private doom,
" But that *England*'s honour waſted
" Lies immur'd in *Blakeney*'s tomb.

VI.

" Underneath *St. Philip*'s, crumbled
" Into duſt by *Richlieu*'s fire,
" Reſt my bones, and with them humbled
" Did my Country's hopes expire.
" Sad cataſtrophe! which raiſes
" A poor ſoldier's lot to fame;
" And for ever blaſts the praiſes,
" Blooming once round *England*'s name.

VII.

" You, whoſe virtues here inherit
" Joys, which heaven's profuſion pours,
" Take, O take my troubled ſpirit
" To your grief-aſſuaging bow'rs!
" Lead me o'er your flow'ry mountains,
" With your ſongs my boſom warm;
" Lull me with your warbling fountains,
" If theſe ſcenes have power to charm,

VIII.

" Black reflection to a diſtance,
" How from yon devoted tow'rs,
" I, expecting *Byng*'s aſſiſtance,
" Number'd o'er the tedious hours;
" How my eyes, ſtill ſea-ward bending,
" Saw the wiſh'd-for ſuccour near,
" Saw, (O ſpectacle heart-rending)
" *England*'s pennant fann'd by fear.

IX.

Here he pauſes---- *Blake* indignant,
Churchill, *Edward*, *Harry* groan;
Inniſkilling's ſons, and *Derry*'s
Stand aghaſt, as turn'd to ſtone.
Torrington his boſom beating,
From the bright aſſembly fled,
And, Elyſian joys forgetting,
Thruſt in ſhades his drooping head.

X.

All amidſt this conſternation
O'er their heads a white rob'd cloud,
Streak'd with ſplendour, took its ſtation,
Whence theſe accents broke aloud.
" I am ſhe, who fir'd the *Grecian*,
" She, who nurs'd the *Roman* Breed,
" She, who train the brave *Helvetian*,
" She, who arm the free-born *Sweed*.

XI.

" I the now-fall'n *Dutch ſupported*,
" *Inniſkilling*'s manly race
" Fearleſs march'd, by me eſcorted,
" I ſav'd *Derry* from diſgrace.
" I in *London* once have counted
" Thouſands nerv'd with martial force,
" Who at *Newberry* ſurmounted
" *Rupert*'s ſword, and vet'ran horſe.

XII.

" I *New-England*'s youth collected,
" I for *Johnſon* gather'd fame,
" On th' *Ohio*, though neglected,
" I deplor'd *Old-England*'s ſhame.
" I am LIBERTY, the mover
" Of mankind to nobleſt deeds.
" Happy thoſe who once diſcover,
" That from me their weal proceeds.

XIII.

" But thrice wretched, who, poſſeſſing
" My large bounties, wanton grow;
" They the undefended bleſſing
" Change to weakneſs, vice and woe.

Here

Here the cloud, its radiant lining
Op'ning wide, the Goddeſs ſtood,
O'er its fleecy gold inclining,
And her ſolemn ſtrain purſu'd.

XIV.

" Grief for *England* ſtains your faces,
" You have cauſe to mourn indeed;
" Other loſſes, new diſgraces
" Shall to *Blakeney*'s fall ſucceed.
" Wiſdom, virtue, ever keeping
" Wakeful guard, their poſt maintain;
" Folly, vice, corruption ſleeping,
" Nothing can awake but pain.

XV.

" Ne'er ſhall diſcipline, or merit,
" *Britain*'s feeble ſtandard weild;
" Or an *Inniſkilling*'s ſpirit
" Train her numbers for the field:
" Till calamity gigantic,
" Striding o'er the venal land,
" With unbridl'd rage, and frantic
" Have let looſe perdition's band:

XVI.

" Till rude want and deſolation
" Food to pamper'd vice deny;
" And deſpair and indignation
" Abſent Virtue's place ſupply:
" Then at laſt may preſervation
" In the people's arm be found;
" The torn remnant of a nation
" Then may ſtaunch the public wound.

XVII.

" How mean time ſhall *Britain* languiſh!
" Scene of woe, which *Blakeney* flies;
" Here from dews of mortal anguiſh
" Heav'n's own hand ſhall guard his eyes:
" While on earth his name ſhall flouriſh,
" *Ireland*'s glory, *England*'s ſhame;
" And corruption's ſelf ſhall nouriſh
" Laurels round his ſculptur'd frame.

F I N I S.

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